THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

COLBY, - - - - - - - KANSAS.

SCHOOL-TIME.

Oh! the busy buzz and chatter
Of these little girls and boys:
Finding books, and slates and school-bags—
Putting up the scattered toys.

Sharpening the box of pencils,
Polishing each rosy face;
Brushing hair, and shoes, and jackets,
While the questions fly apace:

"Mother, hear my definitions.
Beech—a tree. The strip of sand
That borders ocean, lake or sea,
Is also called the beach, or strand."

"And now I'll say my little piece.
It's all about that man called 'Great';
I make believe that I'm the Pa,
And that my boy is Robbie Tate.

"And Robbie asks: 'How big this man was?'
(Alexander 'tis, you know).
And then I say: "'Twas not his stature,
But his deeds that made him so!"

"And, mother, tell me where is Spain!
I've looked and looked, and can not find,
Dear me! I had the Asia map.
I see it now! Well—never mind.

"We're off. But—please, this button sew;
I meant to tell you, but forgot—
I know I'm little, 'careless Kate!'
Thanks, mother. Now come, Dimple Dot!

"We're just in time." A good-bye kiss.
They're gone—and gone is all the noise!—
But, ah! if they were gone for aye!
God bless our little girls and boys.

—*Josephine C. Goodale, in Good Housekeeping.*

GOLD AND GILT.

How My First Love Proved to Be the True Love.

When I promised my dying mother that I would look after Benny until he was eighteen years old, I meant what I said. I had only the income from $10,000 and my own earnings to depend on, but we managed to get along very well.

I could not break my word to mother, even when Fred Dare asked me to be his wife. Ben must live with us if I married at all. Fred grumbled and said he must have me alone or not at all, and when I was firm went off in a rage, and I saw him no more for a week. He was very penitent and anxious for my favor. But somehow I never felt the same toward him again, and, though he pressed me to name the wedding day, I kept putting him off and putting him off, for I felt a little worried.

The months went on. One morning I received a note from John Arnold—John and I had never met since I told him, more than a year before, that his love for me was hopeless; but often and often I had felt and had cause to know that from a distance he watched over me like a true and faithful friend. The note said:

"MY DEAR MISS MARGARET: There are rumors abroad that Simpson's Bank is in difficulties and may suspend. I am sure you will acquit me of all intention to interfere in your affairs, and believe that it is as your sincere friend I advise you to withdraw your money from their hands at once. Otherwise you may lose it. Sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARNOLD."

I put on my bonnet and started for Simpson's that moment. The money was paid to me, though not without some murmuring and hesitation, and with my whole fortune in my little sachel and a heart glowing with gratitude to John in my bosom I started for home. Before I had gone many steps I became afraid. The excitement of the last hour, the suspense I had endured while the money was being paid to me, the danger of utter ruin in which I had unconsciously stood, and the narrowness of my escape from it all—all these had sorely tried my nerves; and now all at once a fear came upon me. Was it safe for me to carry so much money? Would it be safe for me to take it with me home? Might not some one have watched and followed me? What if I should be robbed? These thoughts unnerved me altogether. A sudden resolve came to me. John had saved the money—John should keep it for me; and, retracing my steps, I hastened in the direction of his house.

They were at dinner. John's store adjoined the house in which he lived with his widowed mother. In I rushed, without stopping even to be announced, and laid the sachel down upon the table beside him.

"There it is!" I cried. "Thanks to you, who have saved it!" And then the sight of him and the sudden change in his face at sight of me overcame me. I burst out crying violently as Mrs. Arnold took me kindly in her arms.

"She has been overexcited and is hysterical," she said to him, gently. "Leave her to me, John. I'll keep her here this afternoon, and you can see her presently." So he went away.

That evening as I lay on the sofa, suffering from severe headache, he sat by me and told me the news.

"The bank has gone—the withdrawal of your money finished it; they suspended payment this afternoon. Thank God, you are safe, however."

I put out my hand to him. "Thank God, indeed, and thank you!" I said. He put my hand to his lips and kissed it—kissed it tenderly, warmly, again and again—then dropped it and arose and walked to the window with a heavy, bitter sigh.

Poor John! He loved me still as much as he did four years ago, when he asked me to be his wife. I was a poor girl then, for it was before poor auntie died and left me her little fortune. John had just set up for himself in business. "I can keep a wife now," he said, "and perhaps help your mother, with Benny, too." Ah, he was always generous.

Why couldn't I respond to such true affection? He had a right to expect a favorable answer, for I had accepted his attentions and encouraged his love for months. Indeed, I had believed that I loved him until I had met Fred Dare. He dazzled me, and I no longer cared for John. So I refused him; and shortly afterward the fortune came to me, and I became engaged to Fred Dare.

But of late—of late—my mind had misgiven me strangely as to the wisdom of my choice. I loved Fred still, but I wondered why I loved him, and even doubted the sincerity of his regard for me. And now, as I reflected on his constant affection and acknowledged in my soul how little I deserved it, a vague regret oppressed my heart and I longed for his esteem and pardon. Under the influence of this feeling I said, suddenly:

"Forgive me, John—forgive me!"

He came instantly to my side. "There is nothing to forgive," he said. "You followed the dictates of your heart, my dear; I pray God it may bring you true happiness."

And I felt more miserable and regretful than ever after that, and fell to pitying myself, somehow, just as I had pitied John.

Next morning, at my own house, Fred came rushing in with a wild, white face.

"The bank!" he cried. "Wasn't your money in the Simpson Bank?"

"It was," I told him.

"Then it is gone!" he groaned. "The bank's closed—broken—ruined—your fortune's gone and you're a beggar."

He sat down like one stunned, and covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly. I felt inexpressibly touched and gratified to see him take my loss so much to heart. I reproached myself for every doubt I had harbored against him. This absolute sympathy with my supposed misfortune was so sweet that I resolved not immediately to undeceive him. I sat down beside him and took his hand.

"Don't grieve so deeply," I said, smiling. "Money is not every thing in the world. See how calm I am, and of course it is for my sake you are grieved. The loss of my fortune may be endured so long as I am sure of your love."

He put my hand away impatiently. "You talk absurdly," he said. "This is no affair of sentiment. As to my love—of course I love you just as much as I ever did. (I believe this to have been literally true.) But that is not the question. Your money is gone. What are you going to do?"

An air of embarrassment came over him, and he averted his eyes from mine.

"In short, how will you be able to live?"

I began to understand him. Scorn filled my heart. Was it for this man I had lost John Arnold? But I resolved to make him speak out and show himself in his true colors for once.

So I said, very simply and quietly:

"How shall I live? Why, where is the difficulty? Am I not soon to be your wife?"

He arose.

"I am sorry," he stammered; "sorry that your own good sense does not spare me the necessity of pointing out to you the inadvisability of our marrying. I, too, have had losses—I am quite poor; I could not support you as I should wish. It—it quite breaks my heart to—to release you, of course; but I feel it my duty to do so. You are young and handsome still. I will not interfere with your chances of marrying well. I should wish—"

I interrupted him: "You would wish me to set you free? Well, be under no apprehensions; I do so with all my heart. Our engagement is at an end, never, under any circumstances, to be renewed. Before you go, however, let me inform you of one thing. My money had been withdrawn from the bank—as I should have told you, had you given me time—and is not lost. I have my fortune still. Good morning, sir."

Three months later I told John all about that parting scene. John was about to invest the money for me, and had hinted at the propriety of consulting Mr. Dare. "He has no longer any interest in me or my affairs," I said, and told him all. He stood thoughtfully looking into the fire.

"I wish the money had been lost, indeed," he said.

I crept closer to him. "Why, John," I said, "if I had no money at all, what would become of me?"

He looked down into my eyes. "I would ask you to be my wife," he said. Then there was silence for a little moment, and then—he turned away. My heart gave a great bound. I stretched forth my hands to detain him.

"John!" I cried, and hid my face on his shoulder, "couldn't you ask me now?"

So we were married. My first love was the true love, after all. Daily I thank God that I found that out in time—that I escaped the bitter fruit of a girlish folly—and wedded the true and loyal heart that loved me for myself alone.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Professor—"Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil—"For divers reasons." Professor—"Why does he go on the land?" Pupil—"For sundry reasons." Professor—"Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water?" Second Pupil—"To liquidate his bill." Professor—"And why does he go on land?" Second Pulpil—"To make a run on the bank."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The cal-stove must go. Exactly. About the rate of twenty to fifty miles an hour.—*Boston Herald.*

RICH DRESS FABRICS.

Materials Which Play Conspicuous Parts in the New Combinations.

Moire antique, moire faille, moire brocade, moire plush faille Francaise and pompadour silks and fancy velvets all play conspicuous parts in the new combinations. A moire ground overlaid with pompadour stripes on satin, alternate stripes of brocade moire and embroidered satin, alternate plush and pompadour stripes and a moire ground on which appears lace-work designs in velvet, are a few of the numerous novelty fabrics designed to be made up with plain velvet or plain faille Francaise. A silken cloth showing two different weaves in the same piece, as one half moire and one-half satin, overlaid with pompadour colorings and designs, is very beautiful, and another striking novelty presents the appearance of velvet ribbons thrown on the silk goods. Evening shades in delicate combinations are exquisite in design.

Wool and silk and all-wool novelties are carried out in much the same combinations and colorings as appear in velvets and silks. Red brown is a fashionable color, the Vandyke red, the Gobelin blues and the moose and fawn colors, the new mahogany shades being particularly favored. These reddish-brown shades, beginning with terra cotta for the lightest, in ladies' cloth are combined with velvet or plush, either plain or in plaids or stripes a little darker color, the velvet used for basque and underskirt or panels and the cloth for draperies.

A superb tea gown in blue plush has cutaway jacket front bordered with jeweled drops, the whole opening over a front of pale shrimp-pink silk. A girdle of the two colors confines the silk at the waist line. A most bewitching evening toilet seen at the same house was in cream ottoman silk, with long, full, and artistically draped skirt, the front of silk opening at odd places over plaitings of silk-dotted point d'esprit lace, ornamented with stylish little bows of moire ribbon. A very elegant mantle in white ottoman silk is embroidered in charming designs in fine gold. The bonnet shows a crown of embroidery in gold, with full front of white and gold lace, trimmed high with moire ribbon and a cluster of cream tips and aigret. The entire costume is in the most refined and exquisite taste.

A charming evening dress is in cream point d'esprit over cream faille. The light, airy drapery is confined in places by cream moire ribbons the corsage a perfect gem in cream moire.

A very rich dress is of black moire, satin stripes, with panels of jetted lace and handsome pendants, and another in brown silk and velvet embroidered in gold braid, was very artistically draped, the corsage being especially striking. A charming inspiriation is of soapstone-blue mottled plush on satin. The corsage to match has a fold of the plush on one side and little folds over the shoulder. A gown of corn-colored ottoman has a front of gold embroidery finished with sequins and gold fringe. Panels of white silk are embroidered in corn flowers, corsage decollete, with front of gold embroidery on white silk. A pale pistache-green silk, with court train, has panels of white embroidered in flowers in their natural colors with tinsel. At the side of the panels the green silk was gathered in rosettes, the decollete waist having a vest of the white embroidery, with a small V each side of the back of the same material. Rosettes on each shoulder match those on the skirt. Another charming gown is composed of alternate stripes of rose-pink crepe, with hem-stitching inserted wherever it was possible. The elbow sleeves were finished with a puff of lace, headed by pretty ornaments. A lovely combination was of blue crepe de chine with guipure garniture, and another of changeable lavender gros grain and poult de sole.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BEEFSTEAK AND ROLLS.

The Old Rules of Diet Reversed by a Prominent New York Doctor.

"Why, doctor, I can't see what you mean. I am sure I eat most sensibly."

"I knew you would say that, but I can tell you that you eat very unsensibly."

"Unsensibly? That's unkind, doctor."

"Not a bit of it, madam," replied the physician, whose wide reputation as a doctor and long professional acquaintance with the lady gave him the privilege of speaking plainly on occasions. "It is not unkind. It is simply true, and therefore most kind."

"How do I eat unsensibly?"

"You choose such absurd dishes for your breakfast."

"How so?"

"You eat oatmeal, don't you?"

"Yes; but why—"

"And you eat dry bread and potatoes, with some fish-balls, hash or something light of that sort?"

"Yes, but that is a sensible menu, isn't it?"

"Not at all. The best breakfast in the world for an ordinary healthy person is a steak or a chop, with good coffee, hot rolls and eggs."

"Hot rolls. Oh, doctor!"

"Yes, hot rolls. That is the best sort of a breakfast to begin a day's work on. Oatmeal can not be digested save by out-door work. Though it is said to be healthful, it has caused more dyspepsia than all the candy, pastry and hot rolls ever made. I know that advice seems to you to be heretical, but it is sound, and if you will follow it you will find a marked improvement in your health. Try it and see."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

COME BACK, WILHELMINA!

Bill Nye Takes a New Tack in Solving the Servant-Girl Problem.

PERSONAL—Will the young woman who edited the gravy department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us please come back or write to 22 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese?

Come back, Wilhelmina, and be our little sunbeam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone as so much per cluster.

If you think best, we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong to your set.

We will also strive, oh, so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do now is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shriek loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know, and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel toward them and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were, and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble cake and your slaw pie. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peech cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide up on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young, I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air, and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do any thing evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples, or grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpling. Goaded to madness by this I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle mill; at least so much as to mislead a practiced ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any shingle mill I ever heard.

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour.

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you can not come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air-holes into home-made bread?—*Bill Nye, in N. Y. World.*

Quick Promotion.

A Dutchman whose son had been employed in an insurance company's office was met by an acquaintance, who inquired: "Well, Mr. Schnider, how is Hans getting along in his new place?"

"Shoost shplendid; he vas von of dem directors already."

"A director! I never heard of such rapid advancement—the young man must be a genius."

"He vas; he shoost write a shplendid handt!"

"Oh, yes, plenty of people write good hands, but you said Hans was a director!"

"So he vas" (indignantly) "he direct dem cirgulars ten hours efery day already."—*Youth's Companion.*

Composers' Autographs.

The autograph collection of the late Ferdinand Hiller was recently sold at Cologne. A manuscript composition of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy brought the highest price, seventy-two marks; an unsigned and undated letter of Beethoven was sold for fifty-one marks, and an autograph of Chopin for eighteen and one-half marks. Among living composers, a presentation copy of a score by Max Bruch brought the highest price, ten and a half marks; autographs of Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Rubinstein, Brahms and Clara Schumann ranged in value from three to seven marks.—*N. Y. Post.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Gladstone is a firm believer in the good of athletics, and his son, Herbert Gladstone, is president of a National Physical Recreation Society that has recently been organized in Liverpool.

—The recently-discovered petty cash book kept by Charles Dickens during his term of service with Mr. Blackmore shows that his salary of 13s 6d a week was raised on the 1st of August, 1828, to 15s a week.

—M. Grevy, President of the French Republic, enjoys smoking a pipe, and does so whenever he can without offending decorum. He is a man of very simple habits, and rises and retires at an early hour.

—Benjamin F. Butler considers himself a comparatively young man. Although sixty-nine years of age he is as strong physically and mentally as he ever was, and has no intention of retiring from the active practice of his profession. He wishes to die in the harness.

—The Earl of Coventry is the owner of one of the most beautiful places in England, Coombe Abbey, Warwickshire. His picture gallery contains the celebrated collection of Stuart portraits, which were brought into the Coventry family by Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Stuart Princess, who, in second marriage, became the wife of the fourth Baron. The Earldom is a comparatively recent creation.

—A well-known writer of Boston called at the *Century* office in this city the other day, and, when she went away, forgot her over-shoes. Frank Stockton, the story writer, saw them, and at once sent them to her by mail with this note:

OFFICE OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
New York.

MRS.—, DEAR MADAME: Without expressing any opinion in regard to the literary merits of the inclosed articles, permit me to say that they seem unsuitable for the columns of this magazine. Respectfully yours,

THE CENTURY COMPANY, per F. S.

—Emanuel Gonzales, the French writer whose death has just been announced, owed his start in life to Emile de Girardin. Having the young man introduced to him, the famous editor exclaimed the moment he heard the name: "I would like you to write a series of Spanish sketches for *La Presse*." "But," said Gonzales, "though I am of Spanish descent, I know nothing of Spain and have never been there." "No matter. Articles signed 'Gonzales' are sure to be read." So Gonzales "read up" on Spain and soon wrote some Spanish stories which were highly praised for their "local color."

—John M. Kapena, whose death is announced in the latest news-budget from the Sandwich Islands, was a full-blooded Hawaiian, who had been prominent in public life for many years. From 1870 to 1880 he was Governor of the Island of Maui. Then he went as Minister to Japan, and on his return was made Prime Minister. He remained at the head of the Government for two years, served subsequently as Postmaster-General, and was Finance Minister in the Gibson Cabinet which was overthrown last July. Mr. Kapena accompanied King Kalakaua on his visit to this country in 1874, and again made a tour of the United States two years ago.

HUMOROUS.

—A young man may have an honest ring in his voice while talking to his best girl, but it doesn't go unless he has an engagement ring in it.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"What kind of boys go to Heaven?" asked a Sunday-school superintendent. "Dead boys!" shouted a new scholar who had been brought in from the street.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—She—"O, Jacob, Jacob, I haf dropped ter Limberber creese oud of ter back vindow!" He—"Vot a galamities! Now will come to us pretty quick ter Board of Health mit ein cholera case."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Counsel (to witness)—"Is it possible, Uncle Rastus, that you would swear to what you know is not true for a single paltry dollar?" Uncle Rastus (indignantly)—"No, sah! de gemmen guv me two dollars."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Jack—"Ethel, I am ashamed of you, I saw that Frenchman in the conservatory kissing you repeatedly. Why didn't you tell him to stop?" Ethel—"I couldn't, Jack." Jack—"You couldn't? Why not?" Ethel—"I can't speak French."

—A Doubtful Success.—De Puyster (who has forgotten the name of an acquaintance and wishes to recall it unobtrusively)—"By the way—your peculiar name; may I ask how you spell it?" Acquaintance—"Certainly. B-r-o-w-n." De Puyster (expressively)—"Ah!"—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Here's a piece in the paper about an Indianapolis woman whose voice can be heard a mile," said Mrs. Slasher to her husband. "Well, dear, don't be jealous. You may not be much on a mile dash, but your staying qualities are certainly unsurpassed.—*Washington Critic*

—Cousin George—"I've a confession to make to you, Grace, something I've intended to tell you for some time, and——" Grace (who has been patiently waiting on George for two years)—"Oh, George! this is so sudden [after a sigh] but, go on." George—"Well, I'm—I'm going to be married."—*Judge.*

—Two of a Kind.—

They went to see the city,
Two of the rural class;
And one blew in his money,
And one blew out the gas
The one who blew the gas out
Was buried yesterday;
Dead is the other also—
Dead broke, that is to say.

—*Boston Courier.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Let us love life and feel the value of it, that we may fill it with Christ.—*A. Monod.*

—The Wesleyans of England report in Hayti 3 missionaries, 12 local preachers, 958 full members.

—The Wesleyans of England report in the Bahamas 9 missionaries, 103 local preachers, 3,601 full members and 3,053 Sunday-school scholars.

—It is hard to say whether God discovers more love in preparing Heavenly mansions for the soul than in preparing the soul for Heavenly mansions.—*Seeker.*

—The Presbyterian church in Canada has on the Island of Trinidad 6 stations with 6 missionaries, 3 catechists, 6 teachers, 265 communicants, and 1,675 scholars.—*Public Opinion.*

—Our prayers should not be that God would change His will with reference to our trials or responsibilities, but that He would give us strength to follow out His purpose in them. The secret of true Christian living is in this thought.—*Rev. Philip Brooks.*

—Nearly a thousand millions of the human race are yet without the Gospel; vast districts are wholly unoccupied. So few are the laborers that, if equally dividing responsibility, each must care for one hundred thousand souls. And yet there is abundance of both men and means in the church to give the Gospel to every living soul before this century closes.—*Christian Advocate.*

—Plymouth Church, Minneapolis, is enlarging several lines of its missionary work. In its Bethel Mission there are two daily kindergarten schools with four teachers, a day nursery and dispensary, a sewing school, besides the Sabbath school and evangelistic services. The young men are about to establish a new mission, including a Sunday-school and preaching service, reading-room, a coffee-room, and an industrial school for boys. The church contributes a large share of the support to the regular city mission.—*Christian Union.*

—Freshman Cilley, who recently placed his class flag on the spire of Bowdoin College chapel, is a son of General C. P. Cilley, of Rockland, Me., and a grandson of Congressman Cilley, who lost his life in a duel. He is a quiet young fellow, wears glasses, and looks more like a divinity student than an athlete; but his muscles are like steel, and his nerve is good. The spire that he climbed is 116 feet in height, and in coming down he slipped 10 feet, but held on, at the cost of much of the skin and flesh of the palms of his hands, one of which he carried in a sling for days.—*Chicago Times.*

—In China there are among the different Protestant denominations seventy-nine persons who devote themselves chiefly to medical work. Twenty-seven are women. There has been issued by their Medical Missionary Association the first number of a medical journal, whose columns contain valuable papers from native and foreign physicians of high standing. The articles by the Chinese doctors—themselves Christians—in the Chinese language will have a wide influence among their countrymen in removing the prejudice against foreign physicians.—*Public Opinion.*

—A certain Oxford professor some years ago was captured by brigands near Damascus, but the mild-mannered benevolence of his appearance excited the pity of his custodians. Instead of demanding a ransom from the vice-chancellor they merely stripped their captive of his clothes, and considerately leaving him a hat, a pair of boots and a pair of spectacles to cover his nakedness, bound him on the back of an ass, with his face to the tail, and drove him back to the town from which he had too hastily started. Freshmen invited to meet the professor at the breakfast table are invariably instructed by their seniors to inquire whether he has been to Damascus, and what he thinks of that great eastern city.

HUMAN NATURE.

An Incident Proving That It Is Strongly Represented in Every Man.

The talk one hears on the street all tends to convince one more and more that there is a great deal of human nature in man. This is what a special examiner of the United States Pension Office told me to-day while waiting for a street-car: "I was examining and taking evidence in a pension claim in Nebraska last summer. The claimant belonged to a little country church, and the witnesses were the pastor and several members of his church. It was beautiful to see the clearness and directness with which they all testified and swore that the claimant had been unable to do any work on his farm for five or ten years. The story was becoming monotonous until I visited the home of an aged elder in the church, who was somewhat deaf. I explained to him my office and my business very carefully, and then took down his sworn statement concerning the claimant and his disabilities. But to my great surprise he testified that the claimant, whom he had known intimately for fifteen years, had never seen a sick day, nor missed a day from work, in all that time. I cross-questioned him rigidly, but only made him the more emphatic in his former statements. So he signed the deposition, and I administered the oath, and was taking my departure, when he asked me, in an uncertain, anxious way: 'Ain't you an insurance agent?' 'Ain't you going to insure his life?' When I undeceived him he looked very miserable, but did not offer to retract his statements."—*Chicago Journal.*